

# Aesop Rock, Nightlight

Day turns night (8x)

Night Light suckas..

Put one up shackle me, not clean logic procreation  
I did invent the wheel, in a previous generation  
While the triple sixers lassos keep angels roped in the basement  
I locate modern halos and pass em out to the pavement  
Y'all catch a 30-second flash frame  
Dirty cooperative Neptune bloom head-trip split  
Fantastic! Fathom the splicing of major league low lifes  
With anti hero earthworm mentality (Godzilla!)  
I pace my game for zero hour completion  
See a cretin's still a cretin even speakin' altered moniker  
American nightmare lost in the monitor  
I'll hold the door open so you can stagger through  
Then ten berserk and bread cookies in after you  
It's the gutter and I spell it with the 'G' I stole from 'Get  
the f\*\*k up'  
Noise crutch stolen wretched refuse of my teaming dumb luck  
Still I promise temperance storm breed still bleeding Amish  
See the freaks sucked out the bottom dropped while three bears invade the cottage  
And I can't sleep now  
Yeah, the police'll laugh  
You won't be laughing when your covered wagons crash  
You won't be laughing when you're hosted by the ghost of  
Christmas past  
You won't be laughing when your blow up doll's  
got a headache and won't give up the ass  
And I lay my kicks to rest when I'm impressed  
So I staple-gun them to my feet  
This origami dream is beautiful: pull the tail watch the wings  
flap  
But you really can't do a thing with that

All I ever wanted was to pick apart the day  
Swallow up the pieces  
Spit 'em at your species  
Reachin' the city of lost barnacles and leeches  
Night-light got me when the daylight went to evening  
Night (Light) Day (Light) x8

I'm pretty sure I got a pulse.. plus  
We Shimmy cross the centerfold, and our night light engulfed

Just let me keep the crumbs (Please)  
With seven deadly stains  
To hear the plane to crystal conscious  
The results a dead-beat trying to make a dollar off a bomb  
threat (OK)  
Lift me to activism chain activate wild-style Pluto orbit  
Set a course then push the button  
I swallow spores born by the laws of a morbid glutton  
I can spot a drunk battalion by the Charlie Chaplin waddle  
Zig zag and zig 'em again before they can pull a badge out  
But I lash out  
Another thick installment of one night in Gotham like  
'Houston we have a problem'  
They're buffing the trains the same days the graffiti writers  
bomb 'em  
Who split how many freaks on box cuts of a high road bellow?  
Heads ripped! Watch red bricks turn yellow  
I'll try to meet the wizard  
But a tailgating tit-man holding an oil can  
won't let a hermit crab break in his new shell-toes

Life's not a bitch, life is a beotch  
who keeps the villagers circling the marketplace  
out searching for the G-spot  
Maybe she didn't feel y'all shared any similar interests  
Or maybe you're just an asshole; maybe I'm just an asshole  
Kiss the speaker wire, seaming swashbuckler or pagan thresh hold  
Stomach full of diner food  
Wings span cast black upon views  
Here to help release the rabid hounds or pick apart your mood  
I got this friend of polar nature and it's all peace  
When I seek similar stars but can't sit at the same feast  
Metal Captain!  
This cat is asking if I've seen his bit of lost passion  
I told him: 'Yeah' I gave him one last look and smashed him

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